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Mendelssohn.

BY CHARLES LEON GUMPERT.

["Yesterday I drove here and at night met with a wonderful organ, on which I could play "*Schümcke dich, O! liebe seele!*" to my heart's content."—MENDELSSOHN'S LETTER FROM SARGANS, September 3, 1831.]

There came into the church at death of day,
When angel shapes with vestments like to flames,
And crimson saints on pictured panes wide-arched
Became as pallid ghosts in purple mist;
With silence and with twilight came there in
A wise musician, wizard king of tones,
Who passed into the organ in the loft,
The dusty, mould'ring loft, all choirless,
Where carven cherubim and seraphim
And imaged sacred symbols loomed up large.
He bowed and pressed the wasted, yellow keys,
With taper, wan, girl fingers; sudden then
His soul beheld a song-created light;
The lurid spaces, shade and twilight waned
Before his eyes. He felt no weight of gloom:
For life to him a splendid motet seemed,
Replete with happy music, sunshine songs,
And redolent of blissful cadences,
Arpeggios of laughter rambling in.
And earth a voice exultant seemed to him
That joined the singing planet chorus vast
With human song, an alto of high hope!
He smiling sat entranced and wove the wof
Of music, watched by staring cherubim.
Then spurring to full life the monster there,
The organ, giant-voiced and grand in speech,
He improvised stupendous harmonies;
Created holy symphonies and wierd,
Majestic marches, fantasies sweet-rhymed
And dulcet, elfin, joy-voiced overtures,
The reminiscences of nightingales
Whose trebles thrill the dreaming buds at dusk
All perfect pastorals of precious peace,
Soft shepherd songs and lullaby of lute,
Ecstatic allegro of child delight
And torment-soothing fugues of quaintest sound,
While, pedal-trodden, glided rhythmical
His diapason thunder rolling strong.
He urged the massive keys to mould and make
The shapes his soul desired, as sculptors urge,
With coaxing finger, clay inane to live.
These be the varied moods he wrought in tune—
Sweet songs that need not words, but pregnant are
With love, expression, hope and holy praise!

LARGO.

With tone on tone and semitone I build up fair to
Thee mine edifice of song,
And climb to Thee on notes that reach into Thy
Heaven, massive consonance of strong
Triumphant phrases, such as Miriam, 'mid the tim-
brel clangor, joy-ecstatic sang,
With happy chorus of delivered hosts, Thy Moses
led, when shawm and sacbut rang,
And Thou didst save the nation. Oh! Most High!
I bend unto mine instrument to speak
Thy praise, and from mine organ-altar here, with
choicest chorals worthiest voicings seek
To consecrate to Thee an anthem sphere-reverberant,
magnificent with chord
And wealth of tonic scale, that angel-wise shall soar
and hover in Thy presence, Lord!

I praise Thee evermore! O! let Thy children min-
gle perfect unisons of love,
And modulate their griefs that are the undertones of
life and dolorously move
As discord basses. Let the merry scherzo trebles of
all joyance smoothly glide
Our sweet-mooded burdens, soulful basses, harmonies
of life beatified!

ANDANTE.

Arise, my puissant music, ever strong to strike and
smite
The angry fiends and evil, lurking phantoms born of
night,
And demon shapes, Walpurgis witches, wrangling
imps who bring
All discords hell-engendered! Oh! arise and soar on
wing
Intense with lightnings, as an armed angel, floating
grand,
To scatter vivid lances of great glory from thine
hand
To haunts of gloom, where groping men do toil, and
where there broods
An awful, stagnant silence! Awake! sweet-chord-
ed moods
And cheer the wearied souls of men, as cooling winds
from sea
Float welcome to their brows in August heats!
They pray for ye!

ALLEGRETTO.

Ah! magic pipes, that emulate
The wailing winds and singing seas,
And all the varied melodies
Of earth or heaven consecrate,
Repeat for me but merry songs;
No dismal hints of human wrongs!
Repeat the children's many joys,
In semi quavers of oboes!
With obligato of bassoon
And trumpet and sweet viol tune;
Repeat the hymns of Hebrides,
The harps that echo untamed seas,
The phrase expectant maiden hums,
Conscious her eager lover comes;
And delicate toccata fraught
With all delicious-noted thought
Of marvellous Sebastian Bach!
The gates of melody unlock,
With all the soft, responsive keys,
My Abbé Vogler's reveries!

There sudden clashed a clanging bell, the hour
Aloud sepulchral wailed. The music died.
Again the old church night and silence wore;
The bellows boy awoke from tingling dreams;
The sexton too upstarted from his nook
And, thrilled to tearfulness, beheld emerge
A black-cloaked phantom, that soft glided out
And lost himself in night. Then all was still!
—Sunday Dispatch (Philadelphia).

Recent German Operas.—Reinecke's "King Manfred."*

(Translated from the German for this journal).

In the history of Music, as in other spheres of
human development, there are periods of transi-
tion, marked by the dying out of the genius

* Opera in 5 Acts by Fr. Röber, music by Carl Reinecke.
Produced for the first time at the Royal Theatre in Wiesbaden.

which inspired the old works, followed by a "storm
and pressure" period of seekers after something
new, whether with a conscious, clear ideal, or
only a vague anticipation. Unquestionably we
find ourselves in such a situation as regards the
Opera. In Italy, the period which began with
Rossini is utterly effete, since Verdi is about
written out, and no successor worthy to be named
yet shows himself. Italians of taste and culture
turn their eyes to Germany. Their publishers
begin to reprint the better German works, and
the younger Italians seek to acquire the German
culture, having learned justly to regard that as
the fresh spring, from which alone can flow for
them a thorough reformation for their spent Art.
—France, in the grand Opera, had yielded the
primacy to the eclectic and speculative Meyer-
beer, and even in the comic opera, the properly
national Art work, has seen composers of German
antecedents, Herold, Halevy, Adam, dominate.
But we must not deceive ourselves about the ar-
tistic worth of the productions which have gone
forth from Paris and had their run in all theatres
during the last thirty years. On conventional
grounds, produced with a more or less happy gift
of invention and technical skill, mechanically,
those works have only a relative worth in detail,
while on the whole and in a great sense they lay
no claim to the satisfaction of any sort of ideal
requirements, which, apart from conventionalism,
conceal another, deeper reason in themselves
than a more or less amusing entertainment. At
present Gounod is the hero of the day,—owing,
essentially, to the success of his *Faust*, in which
(thanks to his essentially German musical cul-
ture), he knew how to introduce, along with so
many trivialities, some traits of that Romanticism
which, until to-day, is met with in no other
French score. Whether he will succeed, or how
far, in fixing and deepening the tone which he
has struck, and in becoming the French Weber,
we must wait to see. The works, which have
come from Gounod's pen since the *Faust*, justify
no such hope.

In Germany, it is three names essentially,
which seem to be epoch-making in the history of
Opera: Mozart, Weber, Wagner. The first as
founder of a German Opera in the classic style;
Weber in the Romantic style; and finally Wagn-
er, by his attempt to do away with the divided
labor and produce the Musical Drama, at once
poetically and musically, in great features, out of
the motives contained in the subject matter and
the persons.

Since Wagner, operatic production has had to
choose between three ways. Either to attach it-
self to Wagner's predecessors, or to go with
Wagner, or finally to seek out new and independ-
ent paths. This last seems now to be the effort
of the more gifted young producers. But the in-
dependence, which they strive to maintain in
their undertakings, can of course only be a rela-
tive one; for in the first place they are depen-
dent, partly, on the susceptibility of the public;
and then, just the most cultivated and most zeal-

ous among them must, on the principle: "Try all things, hold fast to that which is good," surrender themselves to eclecticism in the best sense of the word.

A glance at the German repertoire teaches, that since Wagner there have been no German operas created, which have held a lasting place upon the stage. Nevertheless the activity among the producers is just now very great. Among the works, which the last years have brought us, the most talked about have been: "*Loreley*," by Geibel and Max Bruch; "*Des Sängers Fluch*" (The Minstrel's Curse), by Meyern-Hohenberg and August Langert; "*Astorga*," by Pasqué and Joseph Abert. . . . Bruch's "*Loreley*," in spite of the various "protections" which the composer enjoyed, has not yet been able to find its way into one of our great court theatres, and its success in Mayence was not encouraging as to its acceptance here (in Wiesbaden).

"*Des Sängers Fluch*" unquestionably betrays a certain natural talent in the composer, and our Intendant, Herr von Bose, was not disinclined to accept it; but the political events of the last summer prevented.

Abert has sent his opera into the world with his customary aplomb and with that colossal reclame, in which he is even more a master than in composition. In our opinion the performance of "*Astorga*" is not without prospect of success with the great public, for everything in it is practical and made with a knowledge of trivial outward effects; on the other hand all depth and sanctity are wanting, and the hollowness of the whole can scarcely remain long concealed even to a not exacting public.

Under such circumstances our new Intendant, Herr von Bequinolles, has undertaken to put upon the stage the work of a composer, who by his previous achievements in all fields of musical art has won the honorable reputation of an artist in an earnest and ideal direction and furnished with all needed mastery in technical respects. This is the opera of which we here propose to speak, the five-act opera "*König Manfred*," by CARL REINECKE, the successor of Mendelssohn as professor in the Conservatorium and Director of the world-famous Gewandhaus Concerts in Leipzig.

Born in Altona on the 23d of June, 1824, Reinecke received his first piano-forte instruction from his father, who, a venerable old man of 73 years, is now here (in Wiesbaden) to attend the first performance of his son's opera. At the age of eleven Reinecke could already let himself be heard in public, and in his eighteenth year he made an art journey to Copenhagen and Stockholm, which was brilliantly successful. For the completion of his studies he then went to Leipzig, where his progress was much furthered by intercourse with Mendelssohn and Schumann. Next follow, during the years 1844-51, a series of journeys, partly alone, partly in company with the violinists Wasielewsky and Königsow, to North Germany; to Copenhagen, where King Christian VIII. appointed him court pianist; to Paris, where he made the acquaintance of Hiller, who engaged him as teacher of piano and counterpoint for the Conservatory at Cologne. In 1854 he went to Barmen as Music Director, in 1859 to Breslau as University musical Director, in 1860 to Leipzig in his present above named capacity.

Among the 92 printed works of Reinecke are

found the Oratorio *Belshazzar*; a Battle Song for double chorus of men's voices; a *Te Deum* for the 50th anniversary of the battle of Leipzig; the operetta "*Der vierjährige Posten*;" a great number of songs for one or more voices; moreover a Symphony, the overtures to "*Dame Kobold*" and "*Aladdin*," a Concerto for piano and orchestra, a Quintet with piano, a Trio with piano, a Concerto for the violoncello, two piano Sonatas with 'cello, two string Quartets, and a very considerable number of piano pieces for two and four hands. A large part of these works have become known in very numerous performances, and many of them enjoy a well deserved popularity. "King Manfred" is Reinecke's last work, and so at any rate the product of a cultivated mind, a ripe experience, a still blooming fancy and a noble will. The text was written by Fr. Röber in Elberfeld, favorably known by the dramas: "Henry IV.," "Tristan and Isolde," "Appius Claudius," "Sophonisbe," the "*Märchen von König Drosselbart*," a collection of dramatized German popular fairy legends, and numerous ballads, romances, songs, &c. The coöperation of the poet and composer is of old date. Röber also wrote the text to Reinecke's "*Belshazzar*."

The fortunes of Manfred, of the Hohenstaufen family, have been the subject of various historical monographs; among others, of a drama by Raupach. Undoubtedly the contest of this brave as well as fantastical man against the popes Innocent IV., Urban IV., and Clement IV., who sought the annihilation of the Hohenstaufen rule, excites a high tragic interest. Röber in his libretto merely treats of the last episode in the very eventful life of Manfred, which came to a bloody termination in the battle of Benevento (1266), and within these limits he makes use of all allowable poetic license.

In the first act we are transported to the environs of Naples. It is night. The fishermen on the shore are preparing to haul in their nets. To them come one by one several of the nobles banished by Manfred, as well as nuns from a neighboring cloister, among whom is Chismonde. Complaints about Manfred's government resound on all sides. Chismonde, who joins in them, shows nevertheless, after the men have retired and she is alone with her sisters, in a conversation with one of them, that she never has seen Manfred really, but only in a dream. Hence she betrays a sympathetic attraction toward Manfred, which she vainly tries to overcome. This attraction is nothing but the spark of love, which only needs the actual appearance of Manfred, to kindle into flame. But Manfred too, on his part, who has just appeared with his trusty Eckart and a Love Court of knights, ladies and minstrels in fantastical procession, feels an equally mighty attraction toward Chismonde. Surely he would soon have and hold her fast within his power, but for the arrival of a Cardinal with his train, who comes commissioned with a last demand on Manfred to change his attitude towards Rome.

(Conclusion next time).

Auber.

(From "Musical Letters from Paris," in the Berlin *Echo*).*

The two Grand-Masters of Musical Art in Paris pursue a completely opposite mode of life. While Rossini enjoys his day by passing it in Olympian repose, Auber requires constant activity. The former avoids every kind of exertion

* Translated for the London *Musical World*.

which would wear out the machinery of his existence; the latter, on the contrary, seems to fear that indolence would cause the works to grow rusty and stop. Rossini, a refined symbol of the Italian *dolce far niente*, keeps at a distance the world, with all its enjoyments as well as all its serious affairs, and nothing can surpass the repose of his life in town except that of his life at his country-house. Auber, who is the incorporation of French restlessness, would, on the contrary, die, were he not to come constantly into contact with society; even during the heat of summer, the bustle of Paris possesses a greater charm for him than the idyllic monotony of a rural life.—Auber is 85 years old; we can not well suppose that, at such an age, his activity can be attended with any great advantage to art, but it is in itself a phenomenon. The grey-haired master retires to bed at one o'clock in the morning, and gets up regularly at five. A cup of tea for breakfast has to constitute all his nourishment till about seven in the evening, when he plays his part valiantly at a solid and set dinner. It is rarely that he can stay at home later than nine o'clock in the morning. He goes to the Conservatory, to the Senate, or to the Institute; lounges on the Boulevards, or takes a carriage-drive.

In his own house, Auber does not see so much company as Rossini, though his brilliant circumstances would render the duties of hospitality easy for him. Is this because he is not married? Yet there is an elegant and stately lady to whom people pay almost the honors due to the mistress of the house. The composer of *Fra Diavolo*, who grew up in a feeling of admiration for the fair sex, and is still susceptible to their charms, could not exist without having females about him. Auber receives incomparably fewer visits than Rossini. It is not every one who possesses the desire and the courage to visit a celebrated man before eight o'clock in the morning, especially when he is guarded by his household with fearful zealotry. The basis of the Auberian system of fortifications is a weird-like old housekeeper, who has guarded the composer's street door in the Rue St. Georges for the last forty years, by word and deed. This celebrated female demon looks upon every visit intended for her master as a personal insult to herself, and is capable of hurling, with outstretched arms, the affrighted stranger into the road.

Fortunately, I enjoyed, in the course of four months, plenty of opportunities for closely observing Auber in his social character as well as his character as an artist and a man of business. It was near the termination of the Italian operatic season. Adelina Patti, who, in her elegant residence of the Avenue des Champs Elysées, did not lead so claustral a life as she did, in 1863, in the Klostergasse, Vienna, gave her acquaintances a joyous farewell soirée. According to the custom of Paris and London, the evening-party was preceded by a dinner offered to a more restricted circle of friends. Besides some ladies living in the house, and friends of the hostess, Bagier, the manager of the Italian Opera; M. de Thal, Russian Councillor of State; Gustave Doré, the painter; and the famous born-player, Vivier, occupied places at the table. Vivier's presence is a well-known guarantee for good-humor. Vivier enjoys everywhere the greatest popularity as an amusing companion, maker of jokes, and teller of anecdotes. A genuine original, to-day the lion of a drawing-room, to-morrow a "Bohemian," he is as much at home in the most smoke-begrimed public-house frequented by artists, as in the saloons of the Emperor Napoleon. A German speech, made by him towards the end of dinner, brought back vividly to my mind the similar talent of Alex. Baumann. Vivier, whose entire stock of German was limited to the words "meine Herren," arose with a glass of champagne in his hand, and, with a gravity that convulsed his hearers, began pouring forth a flood of nonsense, which no one understood, but which every one supposed to be German. The gestures and modulations, too, of German speechifiers on festive occasions were imitated with eminent comicality. The general feeling was worked up to such a pitch of hilarity that

every fresh joke fell upon good ground. Such, for instance, was the case with the proposal to drive off at once (in the darkness of the night) to Doré's studio, for the purpose of seeing his new picture, *The Gaming Table* at Homburg. Two fiacres were quickly engaged, and we drove off to the studio which was situated close by in the Rue Bayard. The colossal *genre* picture in question, with nearly one hundred figures life-size, which was destined to be, some weeks later, the principal attraction in the Fine Art Exhibition, was standing, still unfinished, in utter darkness. It was rather funny to see Doré, with a lamp in his hand, mount the scaffolding and light up the picture from the right, while his color-grinder, perched upon a ladder, illuminated the left side. Doré, whose clever illustrations of *Don Quixote*, *Dornröschen*, and Dante's *Divina Commedia* have long been known in Germany, is a neat young man, with very prepossessing features and manners, one of those genuinely French artistic beings who combine the fullest enjoyment of life with the most astonishing industry. He urged us to leave as soon as possible the half-darkness of his studio and return to the brilliantly lighted drawing-room. This was already filled with a dazzling throng of beautiful women, popular artists and diplomatists glittering with orders. The celebrated vocalist, Grisi, had just entered with her three daughters, young girls as slim as fawns, with dark tresses, and eyes beaming with intelligence. They seated themselves near that dark centifolious rose, Carlotta Patti, and Maria Krebs, the German forget-me-not. The Marquis de Caux, one of the stars in the world of fashionable young Parisians, had, as leader of the cotillon, just clapped his hands several times, when there was suddenly perceptible a slight movement at the door, towards which all eyes were turned, and a little old gentleman advanced through the row of guests who respectfully made way for him. The young mistress of the house, with all the natural magic peculiar to her, hastened to meet him. This latest of all her guests, in faultless patent leather boots, and white cravat, with the rosette of the Legion of Honor in his button-hole, and his opera-hat under his arm, was Auber. Having greeted, with great politeness, the members of the family, he stood looking at the dancing a full hour. He then entered into several short conversations, right and left, till two handsome women compelled the gallant maestro to seat himself near them on the sofa.

That a man of the age of eighty-five can make up his mind, several times a week, to relinquish, about ten o'clock in the evening, his comfortable arm-chair, dress, and deliver himself over to the pressure and hustling of a large party—this is something that astounds me more than *La Muette di Portici*. The papers may well continue to honor him with the stereotyped surnames of "ever-blooming youth," "youthful patriarch," and so on, only the reader must not suppose from these expressions that there is aught like foppiness or undue desire to please about the composer. Such a supposition would be an act of deep injustice. No one can behave with greater seriousness and simplicity than Auber. The love of jokes, and the ever playful humor of Rossini are quite foreign to him, and even still more so the affectation and coquetry of a would-be young man, like A. W. Schlegel. His sharp glance, shooting out from beneath his thick eyebrows, as though from a bush, imparts even a certain amount of gloom to Auber's seriousness. Just as Rossini is open and loquacious, Auber is close, chary of his words, and formal. He is seldom seen to smile, except, perhaps, when conversing with ladies. His taste for brilliant society had full scope this season. I saw him, never tired, at the magnificent parties given by the Emperor to Marshall Vaillant, and by the ministers, MM. Rouher and Forcade; at the distribution of prizes of the Exposition; and, lastly, over and over again at the Opera. He seldom was absent from the Italians, whenever Adelina Patti sang, for he considers her the first living operatic singer. He used to be seen in the second row of stalls applauding enthusiastically; for her farewell bene-

fit he ordered a splendid nosegay from Nice. When one of his own operas is performed, he never appears in the front of the house, but is fond of going behind the scenes. I met him there among the "fishermen of Portici," during a miserable performance of *La Muette*, which must have occasioned melancholy comparisons in his mind. But even he himself, the composer of this charming opera, gave us cause to bewail the ravages of time. Some new grand ballet music composed by him for the Market-scene in the third act, was so exceedingly weak and commonplace that it absolutely required a strong effort to believe that Auber was the composer of it. Far prettier, though still nothing very great, is a little simple *andante*, which Auber composed for Adelina Patti, and which she is in the habit of introducing in *Il Barbiere di Siviglia*.

Auber was chairman of the jury appointed to decide on the merits of the Prize Cantatas and Hymns of Peace—not a chairman in the bills only, like Rossini, but a really working one. It is true that he did not take part in the first rough task of playing through 200 cantatas and 800 hymns—the most inhuman barbarian would not have required him to do that—but he attended the last two long meetings, when the best of the compositions sent in were performed. Unfortunately he did not utter a single syllable in the way of an opinion or a proposal, but confined himself to conducting the voting in the Parisian fashion and to declaring the result. Our preliminary labors already mentioned were carried on next to Auber's study in the Conservatory; he could not get to it except through our room. We were thus able to observe him in the full swing of his activity day after day. Sometimes he came from the examinations in the singing or elocution classes, to hurry away forthwith to the classes of pianists or fiddlers; sometimes he conferred with the teachers or officials of the establishment—in a word, he was indefatigable. Only those who know this large and complicated institution can have any notion of the duties, if only of a formal nature, which it imposes on him. Auber was kind enough to take me to an examination of one of the classes. He sat with four professors at a green table, heard some dozen female pupils play their pieces, and after each piece, entered his verdict in the great book.

One of the few opinions I ever heard Auber express on his art afforded evidence of his having studied, and of his esteeming Gluck's music. Gevaert had just informed him that he was preparing Gluck's *Armida* for the Grand Opera. Auber praised the selection of this work, which he prefers to *Alceste*, and immediately cited the most prominent pieces of it. "But," he added, with animation, "how much has the author of the book, also, done! What verses, and what situations! Gluck is to be envied for such a libretto!" Is not this praise bestowed on the author of the book—Quinault!—this envying laudation of a libretto two hundred years old, characteristic of a French composer?

One morning that I arrived somewhat too early at the Conservatory, I found Auber in his room, seated at the small table-formed piano, which, if I am not mistaken, once belonged to his predecessor Cherubini. Auber has very frequently composed on this instrument during the last twenty years; on this occasion, also it served him as a laboratory for producing a new opera, which is to be completed next winter. "C'est une imprudence dans mon âge"—the same words the old man had used when speaking to me several years previously. The polite duty of contradiction was somewhat difficult even then, but, on the last occasion, the words absolutely stuck in my throat. The melancholy weakness of Auber's last opera (*La Fiancée du Roi de Garbes*) and its complete failure, decked out by a general feeling of respect to look like a triumph, forbid our entertaining any hope of the new score. But the earnest purpose, and love of work possessed by the venerable composer, who, though overwhelmed with wealth and laurels, sturdily continues to produce, commands our admiration. I contemplated attentively the little shrivelled old man, as, glowing with inward fire, he got up and

shut the piano. What times have passed over that white head! As a boy, Auber often saw Louis XVI., whose carriage his father painted and gilded. His first romances, written when he was twelve years old, were sung by gay ladies of the Directory in the saloons of Barras. His first little opera was played by a company of amateurs at Doyen's in Paris, sixty-two years ago. He then went to a banker's in London to study commerce, but, soon tired of the experiment, returned to Paris, and resolved to re-commence his musical studies under Cherubini. His first two operas in the Theatre Feydeau were failures. In after-years, Adolphe Adam, the composer of *Le Postillon de Longjumeau*, begged Auber for the scores. "What, in the name of Heaven, do you want with them?" asked Auber. "They are miserable attempts!"—"All the better," replied Adam; "I will show them to my pupils, whenever the latter feel desponding."

With the greatest delight have I again heard here in Paris *La Muette* and *Fra Diavolo*. In forty years they have lost nothing of their freshness and brilliancy. I felt happy at seeing him who created these works, and who, at his advanced age, still full of life, continues laboring on. He feels inwardly young. What does he care about the date of his baptismal certificate? "Poor Caraffa, how old he is getting!" whispered Auber to me, as his younger colleague entered the room where the jury met. Auber is greatly attached, though without timidity, to life. He sometimes expresses his feeling on this point with a certain amount of humor. "Death seems really inclined to make a clearance among the old operatic composers," he observed to a friend, on returning from Meyerbeer's funeral ceremony. "It will be Rossini's turn next."

Dr. Sterndale Bennett's "Woman of Samaria."

The first impression made upon most minds by the news that Sterndale Bennett had undertaken to write a work for the Birmingham Festival was one of unqualified pleasure. Wherever and whenever men discuss the condition of English music they speak of the foremost English musician with a mixture of pride and disappointment—pride in his great talents and in the undying works he has given to art, disappointment that those works are so few and far between. The promise of an addition to the number, therefore, was not only welcomed for itself, but accepted with a zest in proportion to its regretted rarity.

If this was the first impression, the next was one of doubt as to the merit of the selected subject. The story of the Samaritan woman seemed so barren of dramatic interest, so little likely to awaken sympathy, and to afford such small scope for musical treatment, that the composer's warmest admirers might well have been excused for doubting the result of his effort. This they would have done beyond question, had they foreseen the plan upon which the book is constructed. Nothing could well be more simple, or less *ad captandum*. Had the librettist so pleased he might have taken liberties with the narrative either by expanding and intensifying its incidents, or by the introduction of characters not found in the sacred text. In either case he would have been supported by precedent, and the result, from a musical point of view, would have appeared more encouraging. But the librettist did nothing of the sort. He simply took the words of the evangelist John just as he found them, and, beginning with the 5th verse of the fourth chapter, incorporated the whole narrative (a short passage excepted), down to verse 42. Here and there, however, he has interpolated words from other parts of Scripture, and, in one place, three verses of John Keble's famous hymn, "Abide with me, fast falls the eventide," appear somewhat intrusively, but, under the circumstances, no one would wish them away. From this it is easy to see how entirely the success of the work depended upon Dr. Bennett's music.

In point of construction, the *Woman of Samaria* follows accepted models. That is to say, the comments upon such incidents as occur are made by the chorus, and the narrative passages are so divided as clearly to distinguish the several characters. Thus the words of the Lord are given to the bass voice, those of the woman to the soprano, and the connecting sentences of the evangelist are allotted to the contralto. As much of individuality is secured by this arrangement as circumstances made possible.

The "numbers" in the work are twenty-one. Of these ten are given to the chorus, three are regularly constructed airs (for soprano, contralto, and tenor respectively), and the rest recitatives, many of which are so accompanied and written in such a *cantabile* style as to have a special importance. Not a single "number" is unworthy of notice, but I must content myself with a reference only to the chief among the twenty-one.

The "Introduction and chorale" give a fair promise of what is to follow. The former opens with an *andante serioso* in A minor, three-eight time, leading to an *andante quasi allegretto* in the same key, one being plaintive, the other agitated and impassioned, and both full of character. A *pedal* on the dominant of C major at length introduces the chorales (the subject of the *allegretto* still going on) for voices in unison. This chorale—which is the one known as "Luther's Hymn"—by a clever use of syncopation has the effect of being sung in common time against the triple measure of the orchestra. That effect is in the highest degree striking, without being at all confused. As given on Wednesday at Birmingham, the melody stood out in massive grandeur against the ingenious back ground which the composer's art had provided for it, and the whole predisposed everybody present in favor of what was to come. At the close of the chorale the *andante serioso* returns, in combination with the theme of the *allegretto*, and the "Introduction" finished in the key of its opening. The contralto voice then commences the sacred narrative with the words, "Then cometh Jesus to a city of Samaria," and is followed by a chorus—A major, common time—"Blessed be the Lord God of Israel," which is of larger proportions than usual. The leading theme is first given out by the sopranos, then repeated in harmony, and afterwards taken up by the basses and altos successively. Ending in the tonic key, the first part is followed by a striking episode, in C major, full of bold and massive harmonies. The return to the leading theme, by a repetition of the word "Blessed," is beautifully done, and from thence to the end (as indeed, all through) the chorus is pure devotional music of the highest order. The coming of the woman is next told in recitative; the words of Jesus, "He would have given thee living water," being followed by a short solidly written chorus—*adagio*, D major, common time—"For with Thee is the well of life." In this there is happily mingled a beauty almost tender, with a masculine breadth of style which would have delighted the old Church musicians. The conjunction is as uncommon as it is agreeable. Another short recitative then introduces the soprano air (in B minor), "Art thou greater than our father Jacob?" This I take to be the weak part of the work, the "fly in the pot of ointment," though, happily, a well-nigh innocuous one. The impression made by one hearing is that it is uninteresting, and by no means in keeping with what precedes and follows. The narrative goes on after this, with here and there most expressive recitative, to the point where Jesus tells the woman of her past misdeeds. A passage from the psalms, "O Lord, Thou hast searched me and know me," is then interpolated, set as a contralto air. This is one of the gems of the work, and neither the present generation nor those to follow will willingly let it die. As a religious melody it is a model, whether looked at for the beauty of its melody, its true devotional expression, or the depth of feeling it embodies. So thoroughly pure a specimen of its kind has not been heard since "O rest in the Lord." Following the declaration that the Father must be worshipped "in spirit and in truth," occurs a chorus in six parts—B flat, common time—"Therefore they shall come and sing in the height of Zion." This is another gem. The sopranos (divided) and contraltos open with a flowing theme in harmony, and are answered by the tenors and basses (divided). After a little more antiphony all the parts unite, their grand, solid harmonies upon the words, "For wheat and for wine, for wine and for oil" telling with fine effect. At this point the chorus culminates, the remainder, to the passage, "They shall not sorrow any more at all"—fading off to a *pianissimo* in gentle strains of almost ravishing beauty. All through this charming number the strings have a *pizzicato* figure in accompaniment, which adds materially to the effect produced. The declaration of Jesus, "I that speak unto thee am He," heralds a short chorus—*adagio*, E minor, common time—"Who is the Image of the Invisible God." The organ alone accompanies this, and its grave, severe style can therefore be imagined. That the chorus will find a welcome among lovers of true church music there can be no doubt, and its simplicity puts it within the reach of the most ordinary choir. The recitative next tells of the woman's return to Sychar, and her invitation to her neighbors to come and see Jesus. Then follows a chorus—E flat, minor, common time—"Come, O Israel, let us walk as sons of light."

After a fashion which he seems to love, the composer announces the theme in unison (trebles and tenors), repeating it afterwards in full harmony. Contrasting with its flowing beauty is an episode to the words, "Not as children of darkness," most aptly expressing the idea of the text by its sombre harmonies. The tenors then repeat the subject, after which a series of bold progressions brings the chorus to a close. The incident of the Saviour's abiding at Sychar for two days serves to introduce the hymn before mentioned. Dr. Bennett has set the verses in G minor, common time—first as a duet for sopranos and contraltos, next as a trio, subject in the tenor, and, lastly, as a full chorus. He has evidently studied to combine extreme simplicity with the utmost earnestness of feeling, and in this he has succeeded. This "number" is destined to have almost as extensive a use as the hymn itself. Immediately following is a chorus for five voices—B minor, common time—"Now we believe." A fugal opening, of ingenious construction, leads to an *ensemble* passage (*sempre grave*) on the words, "This is indeed the Christ," and this, in turn, is followed by a resumption of the first subject. But the ending is most impressive of all. The voices, in unison on the tonic (B natural) declaim *ff*, "This is indeed the Christ," to an accompaniment which, beginning on the chord of G minor, ends (the bass descending by degrees) on that of C sharp, major. Then, after a pause, the voices still in unison, drop, *pp*, to the dominant on the words "the Saviour of the world," and the final cadence is reached. The effect is impressive in the highest degree. The tenor air, "His salvation is nigh them that fear Him" succeeds, and is a worthy companion to that of the contralto. A distinctive accompaniment for the *cello* is very noticeable throughout, and is remarkable for the masterly style in which it is written. Following this solo come the final choruses, "I will call upon the Lord," and "Blessed be the Lord God." The former is prefaced by the combined themes of the introduction, and is a vigorous piece of musical declamation. It is to the latter, however, that we must look for an example of Dr. Bennett's power as a writer of oratorio music. This is a fugue in D major, with a very bold and well marked subject, which the most untrained ear can readily distinguish, however wrapped up. In handling this theme Dr. Bennett has done so well as to make us regret he did not fulfil the promise held out by a solitary "inversion," and work the fugue out with all the device of which he is evidently a master. But though he declined to do this, he has risen in it to a very great height, and has given us a proof that the race of contrapuntists is not yet quite extinct.—*Mus. World*.

Coleridge's "Ancient Mariner" in Music.

(From the London Orchestra, Sept. 7.)

The later of two novelties prepared for the Birmingham Festival enjoyed a better fate than its predecessor. Mr. John Francis Barnett woke up from the applause of Thursday night and found himself famous. Hitherto known only among a select and inextensive circle of musicians as a pianist of some skill; known beyond that as the nephew of John Barnett, the composer of the "Mountain Sylph," he has had the gratification of seeing his merit widely acknowledged, of hearing his name mentioned with approval by hundreds to whom it was previously unknown. His cantata on the "Ancient Mariner" has wrought this fame, and not without reason. The three encores and the two recalls of the composer were not injudicious tokens of favor, wrung from the mere complaisance of an audience, but rather the outpouring of a genuine admiration, awakened by a genuine work. Nor were the outside spectators alone in their warmth; for band, artists, and critics alike spoke highly of Mr. Barnett's work. To begin with the cantata at the starting-point, some exception must be taken to the subject chosen by the composer for illustration. In the race for libretti suitable for musical setting, a musician is often hard pressed; but to select a poem so eminently narrative and monological is to make a questionable choice. The success of Mr. Barnett in a harmonic point of view must not blind us to his want of eclecticism. Certainly success covers a multitude of faults; and this issue, we suppose, will inspire the composer and other musicians who regard all poetry as constituting so many "books of words," to set to work on Macaulay's "Lays of Ancient Rome," Byron's "Prisoner of Chillon," and Shakespeare's "Venus and Adonis," with the view of reducing these to poetry. We shall look to see "Horatius" treated in this fashion: an opening chorus describing the oath of Lars Porsena, and the gathering of the Latines; a chorus of male voices, "Go forth, go forth, Lars Porsena, go forth beloved of Heaven," the baritone assigned to Hora-

tus, and the soprano and contralto to such passages as, "On the house-tops was no woman but spat at him and hissed." Not less unsuitable is Coleridge's "Ancient Mariner," a poem as remote from musical purposes as can well be imagined. This objection being recorded, it may be cheerfully admitted of Mr. J. F. Barnett, that he has done the best he could with an unsuitable subject. The poem is at once monotonous and infinitely varied; monotonous in its form, in its rhythm, and varied in the splendid images it calls up and the pictures it presents. The monorhythm, so to speak, has been well broken up by Mr. Barnett: the different scenes have received adequate illustration from his hands. Naturally the former process required a good deal of labor, and the heaviness of the strain is here and there perceptible. One may mark how much the composer would have been relieved by a break of the marching iambs into an anapaestic lilt, or by a lengthening of the perpetual eight-six lines into a measure more suitable for recitative. But on the whole he has done wonderfully well. The partition of the poem will be best explained by the list of the seventeen numbers bers chosen, and of the artists who sang them.

Chorus (male voices)—"It is an ancient Mariner."
Recit.—Mr. Sims Reeves, "By thy long grey beard."
Recit.—Chorus (male voices), "He holds him."
Recit.—Mr. Sims Reeves, "Hold off! unhand me."
Recit.—Chorus (male voices), "Rifts his hand dropt he."
Chorus—"The ship was cheered."
Recit.—Mr. Sims Reeves, "The wedding guest."
Chorus (female voices)—Bridal chorus, "The bride hath paced."
Recit.—Mr. Sims Reeves, "The wedding guest."
Recit.—Chorus (male voices), "And thus spake on."
Chorus—"And now the storm blast."
Recit. and Aria—Mlle. Tietjens, "The fair breeze blew."
Recit.—Mr. Sims Reeves, "God save thee."
Recit.—Mr. Santley, "With my cross bow."
Aria—Mr. Sims Reeves, "Down dropt the breeze."
Chorus—"About, about, in reel and rout."
Recit.—Mr. Santley, "The steersman's face."
Quartet—Mlle. Tietjens, Mme. Patey-Whytock, Mr. Sims Reeves, and Mr. Santley, "The souls did from their bodies fly."
Recit.—Mr. Santley, "Alone, alone, all, all alone."
Aria—Mr. Santley, "O happy living things."
Aria—Mme. Patey-Whytock, "O sleep, it is a gentle thing."
Recit.—Mr. Santley, "And soon I heard."
Chorus—"The upper air burst."
Recit.—Chorus (male voices), "The loud wind never."
Recit.—Mr. Sims Reeves, "I fear thee, ancient Mariner."
Recit.—Mr. Santley, "Be calm."
Quartet—Mlle. Tietjens, Mme. Patey-Whytock, Mr. Sims Reeves, and Mr. Santley, "Around, around flew each sweet sound."
Recit.—Mr. Santley, "Till noon we quietly."
Duet—Mlle. Tietjens and Mme. Patey-Whytock, "Two voices in the air."
Recit.—Mr. Santley, "And now this spell."
Aria—Mr. Santley, "Swiftly, swiftly flew."
Aria—Mr. Sims Reeves, "The harbor bay was clear."
Recit.—Mlle. Tietjens, "And the bay was white."
Solo—Mlle. Tietjens, and Chorus of female voices, "This seraph band."
Chorus—"What loud uproar!"
Quartet and Chorus—Mlle. Tietjens, Mme. Patey-Whytock, Mr. Sims Reeves, and Mr. Santley, "O sweeter than the marriage feast."

It will thus be observed that the "Ancient Mariner" was sung by Mr. Santley—with occasional appropriations of his monologue by Mr. Sims Reeves, Mlle. Tietjens, and Mme. Patey-Whytock, and the deliverance of other portions to the chorus; and that the interruptions of the *Wedding Guest* were given by Mr. Sims Reeves. Of course all individuality of character is lost, when the *Guest* is made to tell the *Ancient Mariner* himself a portion of the *Mariner's* story, and narrate how

Day after day, day after day
We stuck, nor breath nor motion.

One can hardly be narrator and listener at the same time, except in cantata and oratorio. And this is one of the many incongruities which render a narrative poem, meant only to be spoken in the first person, unsuitable for musical setting.

The cantata opens with fifty bars of an instrumental *andante sostenuto* in F, changing into *allegretto*. Then a chorus of tenors and basses details how the *Ancient Mariner* "stopeth one of three," the best man (Mr. Reeves) mildly objecting to the capture. The sailing of the ship is narrated by the chorus in 3-4 time in E, soprano, alto, tenor and bass; and an interruption illustrating the wedding festivities appealing to the impatience of the spell-bound listener is well marked by a Bridal Chorus, "The Bride hath paced," in 2-4 time. A transposition of the verses is here necessary to describe the storm-blast, then the fair breeze, a charming air in A for Mlle. Tietjens, and the coming of the albatross. The *Ancient Mariner* tells, in mournful recitative, how he shot the bird of good omen, and the tenor takes up the theme and describes the sinking of the breeze and the dead calm. We have now a cleverly scored chorus in D, 2-4 time, for the "reel and rout," the dancing of the death-fires and accompanying horrors. Much less successful (though the preceding is perhaps not

wholly original) is the quartet, "Their souls did from their bodies fly," which is commonplace; but Mr. Barnett makes up for the deficiency by his setting of the verse "O happy living things," to an *andante con moto*, which was sung by Mr. Santley in a truly splendid manner, and achieved a deserved encore. A pretty melody is that which follows, and prettily it was given by Mme. Patey-Whytock. "The upper air burst into life," is a number forcibly describing the conflict of nature—a fine chorus, followed by a recitative and chorus for male voices, "The loud wind never. Very effective is the scoring eloquently suggested by the words "Around, around flew each sweet sound," of which the composer has framed a quartet in D: the various descriptions of melody mentioned by the poet being appropriately voiced and instrumented. A duet for soprano and contralto, "Two voices in the air," was superbly sung and drew down an encore. No passages in the cantata are more judiciously treated than the whole of this illustration of the music in the air with arpeggios for the violins and violoncellos *con sordini*: the effect is as well brought out as the conception is accurate. Among the subsequent numbers we have specially to notice the solo and chorus, "This seraph band," a lovely morceau sung delightfully by Mlle. Tietjens. The work ends well. The quartet and chorus "O sweeter than the marriage feast," with its suggestions of the wedding in the orchestra and the marriage bells, gives place to a semi-religious, semi-moral bit of chorale, "He prayeth best who loveth best," with which, supplemented by the full effect of voice, band, and organ, the cantata comes to an effective termination, the composer wisely abstaining from the (musically) anti-climactic description of the influence of the story on the listener. A single hearing was sufficient to stamp this work as one of great merit. There is little profundity in it; but it is pleasant, melodious, and full of genuine inspirations. The talent with which the poem is musically embellished is Mr. Barnett's excuse for having selected it for this sort of embellishment at all.

Mr. Goldschmidt's "Ruth."

(From the Musical World.)

There is something in the sight of a man addressing himself to the great and difficult adventure which calls forth our instinctive admiration. But there are, also, some adventures which we insist shall not be undertaken without qualifications awarded only to a few. In the knightly days, he who would do the deeds of knight-hood was first required to show himself worthy. Those days are gone, but their spirit remains; and when a man, only in his novitiate as an esquire, rides into the ring wearing golden spurs, we send our heralds to tell him he has made a mistake, and bid him begone. If a youthful bard indite sonnets "To his mistress's eyebrow," we can tolerate his mediocrity, but if he attempt an epic poem without sufficient means, we flagellate him as a warning not to do it again. So, too, if a musician make a modest appearance as a composer, we bid him "God Speed;" but when he comes before us with an oratorio which, weighed in the balances, is found wanting, he neither deserves nor receives any mercy. The composition of an oratorio is one of the things demanding first and foremost a careful overhauling of resources. If he who would undertake it can find within himself profound technical knowledge, lofty artistic feeling, great power of invention, and that kind of mental vision which not only sees the whole, but the relation to it of each part, then, by all means let him set about the task. But let him examine himself carefully, since it depends upon the accuracy of his conclusion whether or not he is to be adjudged guilty of an impudent assumption. A mistake on this point altogether fails of excuse. Something depends, however, on the nature of the subject selected. For a man to attempt the illustration of the passion and sufferings of the Messiah, or the tremendous plagues of Egypt, or the varied and stirring incidents in the life of Elijah is a different thing from essaying the same office for the simple story of Ruth the Moabitess. So far Herr Goldschmidt has shown himself modest. He might have addressed himself to the opening of the Seven Seals, or the Deluge, or the Fall of Man, while he was about it. In that he did not, he must be accredited with having gauged his powers to a certain degree. The pity of it is that he attempted an oratorio at all. Before he set pen to paper nobody thought him equal to such a task, and nobody blamed him for the want of power. Now, the incapacity is proved, and with it another incapacity having relation to self-knowledge, which is not so much a misfortune as a fault.

To make matters worse for Herr Goldschmidt, the subject he selected is not only easy of treatment, compared with most others, but adapted to call out what

ever latent power a composer may possess. Its sweet simplicity, its perfect naturalness, and the touching pathos of many of its situations stir up no ordinary sympathy, so that he who reads it must needs realize every incident it contains. We all know the marvelous effect this has in facilitating illustration or description; to say nothing of the zest which it enables the illustrator or describer to bring to his work. Looking at it thus, it is hard to see how a musical setting of so beautiful a story could fail utterly, unless such a failure were sedulously courted. One would imagine that a composer has only to open his heart and mind to its influences, and to write down the thoughts it spontaneously inspires, in order to be, if not profoundly learned, at least simple, natural, and pleasing. Nobody supposes for a moment that Herr Goldschmidt courted failure, or that in writing his work he did not labor with zeal and conscientiousness. He has shown us, however, that besides being unable to rise to the height of oratorio, he is, through some singular defect of organization, insensible to things which would help him on his upward path. Some composers fail because of their subject; Herr Goldschmidt has failed in spite of his. In either case the result is the same, but—with a difference.

Looking over the new oratorio (or "Sacred Pastoral," if the composer like it better) one is first impressed with the singularity of its construction. *Ruth* resembles nothing more than a piece of mosaic, or rather a Dutch chimney piece, in which each tile tells a different story, and has no connection with its neighbors except that of proximity. The same patchy and fragmentary character is found in the libretto, which is divided into a succession of short "fyttes," headed, "At Bethlehem," "In the Harvest Field," "At the Threshing Floor," &c. In this case, however, there is a necessity for such a defect, which would have suggested to a judicious composer the desirableness of providing a remedy, as far as possible, by the more symmetrical construction of his music. Instead of doing so, its influence upon Herr Goldschmidt has been in the opposite direction, and the whole work is a mass of undeveloped and unconnected thoughts, which fall upon the ear much like the snatches of conversation among the passers-by in a crowded street. Now it is a simple question like that of Naomi, "Who art thou, my daughter?" then a tedious orchestral passage not "germane to the issue" in the slightest degree, and next comes the answer, almost every sentence of which is marked by an interlude after the almost exploded fashion of church psalmody. How inexpressibly wearisome this soon becomes no one needs to be told; nor is it necessary to point out how fatal to success was the inability even to sketch the outlines of an oratorio of which it is the sign and result.

Out of the twenty-eight "numbers" in the work, ten are recitatives, many of them very long. The composer's treatment of these recitatives becomes, therefore, an important matter, having a formidable influence upon the character of the whole. It is to be regretted that he did not adhere to the "ancient lines" so well marked out by the masters of his art, who, except in rare instances, were content to provide the simplest means for the musical declamation of narrative. Only such are called for by the necessity of the case. Recitative in oratorio is but the thread that connects the various parts together, and its elaboration is both unnecessary and out of place. For some reason or other Herr Goldschmidt has failed to recognize this fact. He has, throughout, attempted to endow the narrative portions of his libretto with a musical interest they cannot possibly bear, and which, by the resulting odd association of ideas, becomes positively ludicrous. In doing so he has not been content with what is understood as "accompanied recitative." He has rather expanded it into a kind of descriptive symphony for the orchestra, the voice coming in now and then, like that of a showman, to tell what is meant to be described. Even if this were well done the effect would be open to question, for reasons not necessary to mention, since in the present instance it has been done badly. Some of Herr Goldschmidt's many interludes have no meaning at all, and others suggest ideas at variance with the connexion in which they are found. Take, for example, those in the opening recitative, where the tenor voice puts us in possession of the dry details respecting the earlier history of Naomi. Upon this passage, which appeals to sentiment about as much as does the multiplication table, Herr Goldschmidt has lavished an amount of orchestral tenderness which would have been far better employed elsewhere. As a rule, however, his interludes are successions of chords signifying nothing, but productive of much in the shape of weariness and impatience. After the *Ruth* recitatives, given though they be in the eloquent words of Scripture, I should turn with relief even to those we owe to Handel and Dr. Morell; which are at least interesting as showing how genius

sometimes struggles unavailingly against wordy boredom.

Closely allied to his treatment of recitative is Herr Goldschmidt's peculiar management of the orchestra throughout the work. In either case he has set accepted canons at defiance with a result disastrous only to himself. As used by the great masters of oratorio, the orchestra is made strictly subordinate to the voices, and looked upon as an accessory intended to sustain and relieve the vocal parts, as well as to color the effects produced. This may be done in different ways, and in varying degree, but in no single case can it be said that the limits dividing the inferior from the equal have been exceeded. Even in the *Creation*, of all oratorios the one where the orchestra is most important, its subordination is apparent, though it must be admitted that such a result was only made possible by the consummate skill and judgment of the composer. Herr Goldschmidt has chosen to violate this rule. He has attempted to push his orchestra into a position of equality with, if not of superiority to the vocal music, and has thereby spoiled his work, for several good and sufficient reasons. In the first place by the fitful, erratic, and independent action of the instruments he has not only left the voices in great part unsustained, but has positively turned what might have been assistance into an obstacle. The orchestra is throughout felt to be a bore likely to come in at any moment—as a matter of fact it does come in at very many moments—and by distracting the attention of the singers, hinders them in their work. The result is that one is driven to regard the instruments and voices as antagonists rather than fellow laborers for a common end. It is true that, looking at the general character of the music, nobody can feel the slightest interest in either. The fact may be an ill compliment to Herr Goldschmidt, but it will afford a crumb of comfort to those who may have to hear his composition. Again, the orchestra, made thus prominent and intrusive, gives an added offense by reason of the indifferent music it has to discourse. It is curious to note with what singular recklessness Herr Goldschmidt has rushed into unnecessary difficulties. He is like a man who, having to ford a river, does so at the widest and deepest part, with the certainty of being laughed at even if he gets across. An oratorio constructed like *Ruth* is the most exacting of its kind, because the incessant use of the orchestra, as a principal, demands a power of musical description, and a fertility of invention given only to a very few. Among those very few is not Herr Goldschmidt. The preludes and interludes which form so large a part of his work are remarkable, spite of here and there a striking passage, for a monotony and a poverty of ideas which make their very existence a monument of the composer's self-delusion. Their special application very rarely appears. The architect of the Crystal Palace so drew his plans that any column or girder would fit equally well into a hundred different places. After the same fashion, though not with the same symmetrical result, Herr Goldschmidt's orchestral passages might be arranged anyhow and anyhow would be equally bad.

I should like, after all this necessary fault-finding, to be able to praise the vocal music which *Ruth* contains. But Herr Goldschmidt has barred the door against any such satisfaction. He has adopted in its literal meaning the cry of poor Pat: "I will be drowned, and nobody shall help me." Surely if he could not be other than fragmentary and incoherent—if he could not avoid treating the orchestra as I have shown he has treated it—it was in his power to write vocal phrases which should be singable and melodious. We were none of us disposed to be exacting on this matter. Nobody asked for the divine tunefulness of Mozart, the severe dignity of Handel, or the flowing grace of Haydn. But tune of some kind was expected. Pity for us that we should again have to learn how blessed he is that expecteth nothing. There is hardly a single theme in *Ruth* which falls pleasantly upon the ear, and not one likely to remain in the memory. This is the most fatal blot of all. Melody is the soul of music. There may be in a work everything else—ripe scholarship, great experience, an excellent judgment, but without melody it is no more than a perfect body wanting life. Far better a body maimed or deformed, if it but breathe and live, than such an one. Herr Goldschmidt offers us neither; for his *Ruth* is an unsymmetrical corpse.

But besides all this, and to take a lower view, the new oratorio is wanting in proofs of scholarship. Thought it evinces in abundance, and much painstaking care; but the most zealous workman can do nothing without tools. Having invented such themes as was possible, Herr Goldschmidt seems to have been at a loss how to work them up. Of development, masterly or otherwise, there is little or none in the work. Of repetition in various keys there is

plenty, but repetition affords a poor and sorry substitute for the power to present the same thought in ever-varying, always interesting forms. As examples of contrapuntal skill, the two or three fugal choruses in *Ruth* are of a very inferior order, resembling nothing so much as the exercises of a student endowed with poor abilities, or afflicted with an indifferent teacher.

After what has been said any detailed analysis of the work is unnecessary, because, in the first place, I should have to repeat myself, and next, as *Ruth* is not likely to be heard again, the result to the reader would hardly repay my trouble and his time. The foregoing general remarks have been made, not because they were demanded by the importance of the new oratorio, so much as because they enforce the moral of Herr Goldschmidt's failure. In some districts the farmers have a habit of nailing dead kites to their barn doors, *pour encourager les autres*. With the same benevolent object in view I have written this somewhat lengthy notice.

Dwight's Journal of Music.

BOSTON, SEPT. 28, 1867.

Bach's "Magnificat," described by Robert Franz.

III.

... In his church compositions Bach is aided by a treatment of forms which is peculiar to him. Not only does the form give him the means of presenting the subject; but he knows also how to introduce a *symbolical* signification; he can exalt the received forms by putting their main proportions into relation with the subject and its deeper meaning. Without hesitation we may lay it down as a rule: the deeper Bach appears in his formal combinations, the more certain we may be that behind the unusual expression lies concealed an equally surprising thought. To enter into the meaning of the words poetically will prove a short, sure way to solve the riddle. ...

No one, who can accustom himself to this way of looking at the matter, will see any untenable hypothesis in the interpretation which we have suggested of the last Aria and Chorus; in words and notes alike is found the clearest confirmation. To be sure, most attempts at "interpretation," such as are often made in the case of instrumental works, are very wide of the mark and are apt to run into the most contradictory views; one, for instance, seeing in Beethoven's A-major Symphony the description of a merry wedding among peasants, while another deems it the greatest tragedy since King Lear! But in musical works of Art founded on a definite verbal text the case is different, and such attempts not only need no hesitation, but are sometimes even necessary. The word gives a distinct direction and meaning to the tone; it is a safeguard against arbitrary allegorizing and extravagance, and will reconcile divergent views far more easily than is possible in purely instrumental works.

But to come back to the *Magnificat*!

5. To the wild unrest of the number just described there now succeeds, in splendid contrast, a Bass Solo (in A major, 4-4 measure), with the words: "*Quia fecit mihi magna, qui potens est, et sanctum nomen ejus*" (For He that is mighty hath done to me great things, and holy is his name). Here all breathes warm and heart-felt thankfulness for the great things which the Lord hath done to us, and praises his holy name. The economy of this Aria is really admirable and

could hardly be surpassed. A characteristic and expressive motive of the *basso continuo*, forming four measures, repeats itself continually in the most different positions and intervals through the whole movement. First it diverges to the Dominant key, from which, by a gentle transition, it reaches the parallel key, F-sharp minor. Then we are led into the Mediant, from which the Tonic springs again as if new-born. The voice part takes its material partly from this theme; partly it moves, calmly and full of dignity, in free and independent figures, which mount and float above it like the smoke of a thank-offering. The noble form of its *cantilena* gives us the desired opportunity of here inserting some remarks about the style and character of Bach's vocal melody.

It is a widely prevalent notion, that Bach treats his voice parts mostly in an instrumental manner: "he was exclusively an organ player, and has carried the customary organ style even into vocal composition," we often hear it asserted. Surely it is rather hasty, in the very nature of the case, to suppose a great artist capable of such absurd mistakes; moreover, in point of fact, our master's manner of proceeding is in direct contradiction to so thoughtless an assumption. When Bach composes for the organ he does not write in the piano-forte manner, and so *vice versa*; his way of treating the violin, the violoncello, the oboe, the flute, in short all the rest of the instruments, is so characteristic and so masterly, that no one now-a-days can seriously think of undertaking to surpass him. To be sure he often taxes his material to the utmost, but he never demands of it what it is impossible to execute! He not only knew most accurately the technical peculiarities of the instruments, but he had penetrated far deeper into the very nature and individuality of each. We can here appeal to competent authorities, such as Joachim, who actually maintain that Bach was far before his age in all that he has offered for the violin, for instance: that he had anticipated, both in thought and practice, all the possibilities of later technical developments. Now is it to be supposed that he was less well acquainted with the nature of that material for which he wrote the most intense things his rich soul conceived, the human voice—for that, too, is an instrument in its way—and that he used it more unfitly as if it were something comparatively lifeless, unorganic? ... The principal hindrance which the singer meets in Bach's *cantilena*, consists essentially in the traditional method of singing. Bach's vocal setting rests upon the ground of the old German music, which at an early period attached more importance to the words and sought to make them the precise bearers of the melody; in Eccard the contrast of a German and an Italian school in this sense is clearly manifest.

6. The next number of the *Magnificat* brings us a Duet between the Alto and the Tenor, in E minor, 12-8 measure, to the words: "*Et misericordia a progenie in progenies timentibus eum*" (And his mercy is on them that fear him from generation to generation). Here again Bach shows himself a deep interpreter of the words of the text, with a fine knowledge of the human heart. The tender mercy of the Lord in its effect on those who fear him is musically delineated in masterly outlines. The voices are supported by the string quartet—the violins and viola muted, the former doubled by the flutes. In this

duplication the violins and flutes exchange their brilliant and softer tone-colors, as if Bach meant to indicate the at once elevating and soothing influence of the divine mercy on the heart that turns toward it. At the words: "*timentibus eum*," the instruments are mostly silent and leave the accompaniment to the Organ. The concluding turn of the voice parts is startlingly effective through the astonishing boldness of the modulation.

7. The following Chorus forms a grand contrast to this mild Duet. Its far reaching, powerful main theme, majestically entering in a compass of an octave and a half, first brings the words: "*Fecit potentiam*" (He hath showed strength). Against this "*potentia*," spreading itself in all directions, infinitely mobile, Bach offsets a motive on the words: "*in brachio suo*" (with his arm), which seems to embody an opposite and yet kindred element, a compressed force, self-poised yet tensely strained. The main theme, entering first in the Tenor, is attended from the outset by smart rhythmical blows of the other voice parts, with which the orchestra—but without trumpets and drums—joins in imitative beats. Then the Alto takes it, while the Tenor develops the counter-motive: "*in brachio suo*," and the other vocal and orchestral parts continue their strong rhythmical movement. The theme is now handed over to the Second Soprano, then to the Bass, afterwards to the First Soprano, and finally to the orchestra. The voices, however, which have already executed it, leave that rhythmical figure more and more to the orchestra and take an ever freer attitude in the richest contrapuntal forms, so that shortly before the entrance of the main motive in the orchestra they are all engaged in fully independent motion. Meanwhile two new accessory motives have introduced themselves on the word: "*dispersi*" (he hath scattered), symbolizing it in pictorial forms. The *Continuo*, for its part, supports this wonderful structure in rhythms proper to itself, and admirably corresponding to the character of the whole. At last one of the accessory motives of the "*dispersi*" remains alone upon the field and suddenly forces out, in a shrill chord broken short off, the word that completes its sense, "*superbos*" (the proud).

And here occurs a case, which for the first time gives us occasion to express a modest doubt as to whether Bach has done the best thing. The text of the Vulgate gives the words: "*dispersit superbos mente cordis sui*" (He hath scattered the proud in the imagination of their hearts) as if they belonged together, and therein follows the Greek original. Bach on the contrary separates them in the most violent manner, breaking short off at the word "*superbos*" and, after a long pause, setting against it, in a solemn Adagio, the words: "*mente cordis sui*." But perhaps the master was misled by the not precisely classical Latin, into referring "*sui*" not to "*superbos*," but to God. In that case he might possibly have attached to the whole passage this meaning: "He hath scattered the proud—with the breath of his mouth." Construing the text in this way, the musical course of the sentence is now fully justified and of perfect beauty. If this explanation does not satisfy, there would scarcely seem to remain any other, save to ascribe to Bach the bad taste of having wished to glorify "the proud" by the most mighty and sublime means of expression. We do not

claim to be at all competent to decide the question, and gladly leave it to abler hands.

8. The chorus is succeeded by a Tenor Solo, in F-sharp minor, 3-4 measure, which in its essential features shows a kindred feeling. It takes the text: "*Deposuit potentes de sede, et exaltavit humiles*" (He hath put down the mighty from their seats, and exalted them of low degree). Here too Bach has not allowed the obvious antitheses to escape him, and has known how to present them energetically and characteristically enough.

(To be continued).

Music in Boston.

Our season begins with a concert not so much addressed to Boston, as to the Western country and the world at large. The MENDELSSOHN QUINTETTE CLUB, whose sphere has ever been the quiet one of classical Chamber Music, being now on the eve of a Western tour of some three months, will "inaugurate their 19th Season" on Monday evening with a concert in the great Music Hall. For their friends here this concert means Good-bye for a while, *Auf Wiedersehen!* What it "inaugurates" is the aforesaid Western tour. It is as if the Pleiades (dear little earnest, constant Quintette Club up there among the brighter but not sweeter stars, should "inaugurate" their million-billionth season by madly shooting from their sphere to race awhile with the sensational meteors and comets! We wish them true success, and that they may leave good seeds in all the towns they visit,—that is to say inspiring memories of the best kinds of music which they have been accustomed so long to interpret here.

The concert in the Music Hall, large as the place is, and better suited for an Orchestra, promises to be a really good one. Besides the Club itself, consisting of Messrs. W. H. SCHULTZE, CARL MEISEL, THOMAS RYAN, E. M. HEINDL (a new member), and WULF FRIES, other good artists will take part, namely: Mr. C. PETERSILEA, the pianist; Messrs. DE RIBAS, oboe; ELTZ, bassoon; HAMANN, horn; and STEIN, double-bass; and a Quartet of singers: Mrs. H. M. SMITH, Miss RYAN, Mr. JAMES WHITNEY and Mr. M. W. WHITNEY. The programme is rich and for the most part classical. It contains two large works: the Nonetto by Spohr, and the ever welcome Septet by Hummel (Mr. Petersilea at the piano). The Quartet (in canon) from *Fidelio* and a couple of Mendelssohn Quartets are tempting vocal pieces surely, and still fresh. The two ladies will sing solos by Meyerbeer and Stigelli, and Mr. Fries will play a cello and Mr. Heindl a flute solo.—The Club will return before New Year, and then we trust we shall have nice classical Quartets, Quintets and Trios in the Chickering "Chamber" as of old.

The Harvard SYMPHONY CONCERTS will begin on Thursday afternoon, Nov. 7, at half past three o'clock. They will soon be formally announced. Meanwhile we may say that they will be of the same general character as before, presenting only the best in Symphony, Overture, Concerto, &c.; except that the space hitherto occupied in each concert (often the larger half) by the Piano will be more limited, and the vocal element called in oftener for variety. The Orchestra, in spite of the absence of the Quintette Club in the first part of the season, bids fair to be larger and better than ever before. It certainly will be, and the string department considerably strengthened, if the sale of season tickets warrants so large an outlay.

The PAREPA-ROSA concert troupe (under Mr. Harrison's management), composed of nearly the same elements as before, will visit Boston early in November. There is a chance, too, that THEODORE THOMAS and his Orchestra, from New York, may give a few concerts in our Music Hall in the latter

part of October. The more the merrier; if they will play good Symphonies, and do their best, we may learn something by them.

The Great Organ is still played every Wednesday and Saturday noon, and commonly on Sunday evenings. There have been some excellent programmes of late, particularly those of Mr. Pearce, from Philadelphia, and of Mr. J. K. Paine. All our best organists take turns as hitherto.—Other movements are not yet developed. But we may count it certain that the Handel and Haydn Society will soon break through its reserve; that the pleasant Wednesday Afternoon Concerts of the Orchestral Union will come along in due time—we hope there will be more of them than last year; and that the various classical Chamber and Piano Matinées and Soirées will be as numerous and even choicer than before. For one novelty, Mr. Kreissmann has an idea of bringing out Schubert's very remarkable "Ossian" songs,—a capital idea, which we hereby adjure him to put into deed.

CONCERT AT MILTON. The Choir of the Unitarian Church (Dr. Morison's), under the spur of a zealous director in the person of the genial Colonel of the Governor's Cadets, Dr. C. C. Holmes, and aided by an energetic staff of musically cultivated ladies, has made this beautiful Blue Hills suburb musically famous hereabouts of late. Such an amateur concert (or professional either) has seldom occurred in a "country meeting house" as that of Saturday afternoon, Sept. 14. It was remarkable in the character of the audience, largely composed of refined persons thronging in over all the roads from pleasant summer residences and from the city. The unusual assemblage of fine, cultivated voices (mostly amateurs) and the well selected programme were not the whole attraction. There was a fine new Organ, built by Hook, to help defray the cost of which was one motive of the concert. Under the skilful hands of Mr. Willcox it furnished the accompaniments; and very sweet, rich, organ-like in the best sense, its tones, of well contrasted colors, proved. Three, four, excellent sopranos, in solos, duets, trios, &c., two fine tenors, a thoroughly schooled basso, likewise, besides the very select choir, and Wulf Fries's cello, rendered the following selection with admirable effect throughout:

Improvisation.—Organ.....	Willcox.
Gloria, from 3d Mass.....	Haydn.
Jerusalem, Thou that killest, &c.....	Mendelssohn.
I will Magnify Thee. (Trio).....	Mosenthal.
Be ye Faithful unto Death.....	Mendelssohn.
Angels ever Bright and Fair.....	Handel.
My Song shall be always. (Duet).....	Mendelssohn.
Father whose Blessing.....	J. Benedict.
Lord, have Mercy.....	Pergolesi.
Moses in Egypt. Prayer.....	Boesini.
Benedictus, Agnus Dei and Dona Nobis.....	Weber.
Ave Maria.....	Schubert.
In his Hands.....	Mendelssohn.
Solo.....	
My Heart ever Faithful.....	Bach.
Protect us. (Trio).....	Curschmann.
Prayer from Der Freyschütz.....	Weber.
Spirit Song.....	Haydn.
Inflammatus.....	Rossini.

The "Jerusalem" air, the rapturous Bach song ("Frohlocke, mein Herz"), the solo in the *Inflammatus*, and other important solo passages, were sung by a young lady from the South, who has been spending a year in Boston, whose voice and talent have seemed to us to contain finer promise than has yet sprung up among us. Sweet, rich, large, thoroughly musical and sympathetic, this voice is also of great compass; while the whole nature is truly and sincerely musical. We had hoped much from her in the near future for our Oratorio and higher concert music; but she is sent to Italy to study and we have lost her! We do not feel the right to name her; still less the other fair possessors of refined, bright voices who sang "Angels ever bright and fair," the "Prayer" from *Freyshütz*, the *Ave Maria*, &c. Mr. Wetherbee gave the piece by Pergolesi with artist-like and true expression. Dr. Langmaid put feeling and sweetness into the Mendelssohn tenor air: "Be ye faithful," with cello *obbligato*; and Haydn's "Spirit Song" (so seldom heard of late) was beautifully sung by a young tenor undergraduate at Harvard. We wish we had room to speak of more. It was all good.

New Glee.

THE GREETING. A New Glee Book by L. O. EMERSON. Boston: O. Ditson & Co., 1867, pp. 200.

The American musical mind has a wonderful leaning to psalm tunes. The first efforts of composers are directed to the production of some new labor of this sort, whose chief glory it is to be so very like some already existing model, as to be out of the reach of adverse criticism. The tremendous volume of this psalm tune deluge, that has poured upon us within the last thirty years, is something fearful to contemplate. Tunes in every conceivable style, and in style inconceivable before. Tunes pretty, tunes ugly. Tunes high, and tunes low. Tunes in flats, tunes in sharps. Tunes strong—tunes weak. The latter how preponderant!

And then consider the use which these tunes serve. Although all nominally "sacred," scarcely one in ten was ever sung in church. They are really used as singing-school glees. Gleees they really are, most of them, despite the "sacred" words.

And the Anthems. What an account is there for some one to settle! Or will the trembling composers be mustered *en masse* to render up their account! Who can tell! Such weary pages of musical platitudes as we have had to wade through! According to the well-known theological formula, the "strength" of these works is "perfect weakness." And yet, despite this weakness of diet, we have become stronger. Taking the various church collections as a whole, we see that the recent works manifest an improvement over their predecessors, both in taste and in technical execution. The only retrogression, if there be any, consists in an apparent lack, latterly, of the religious earnestness of the earlier authors. And this is unavoidable! for now there is money in singing books. The earnestness of the present is a *pecuniary* earnestness, not a religious.

Another good sign of the present state of taste is the greater attention given to Gleees. Twenty years ago the singing of gleees was almost unheard of in New England. A little later the English gleees began to be sung under the auspices of Dr. Mason and Mr. Geo. J. Webb. But what sober, stately old gleees were those! In point of dignity, to sing one of those gleees was little more mirthful than to say high mass. Good, to be sure, but *so proper!* After a while, however, American gleees began to be manufactured,—and some, composed.

The difficulties under which those early writers labored were not slight. Some of them had no knowledge of counterpoint or musical form, save what little they had got by "unconscious absorption." Yet they did as well as could be expected;—perhaps better.

The American Glee has generally been one of two things. Either a sprightly melody, so harmonized that the accompanying voices do nothing but accompany; or, a very blind and ignorant imitation of Mendelssohn's Part Songs, which are veritable ideal gleees. The kind first mentioned is poor stuff. The effects to be attained on this system soon wear out. None of the parts have any real work, save the Soprano. The gleees of the second class have suffered worst of all from the ignorance of their composers. Mendelssohn's Part Songs were composed by one thoroughly versed in all the resources afforded by simple and double counterpoint, imitation and fugue. To him, also, the various musical forms were well known; and he knew just how to employ each one, or what license to take, as his purpose required. With our composers in general there has been no such knowledge. Then too he had *genius*, which with us is rarer yet.

In the work before us there are sixty-seven Gleees. All of these are new except perhaps four, which are European. Of these new ones Mr. Emerson claims 26, and Mr. L. H. Southard 25. The remaining 16 are from miscellaneous sources. It has been a great pleasure to the writer to examine this book, and it must be a still greater pleasure to use it, for the work

is, in general, good. Mr. Emerson has a good number of popular, easy pieces, and quite a number of still more beautiful ones in a somewhat German style. Mr. Southard is well known as a thorough master of musical composition,—a man who knows how to express his melodic ideas; he is also known as a composer, fertile in ideas, fresh in invention. The present works from his pen are beautiful, and fully sustain his reputation. Young students in this kind of musical structure are pointed, with pleasure, to the tasteful form of the more extended of these glees. It is worthy of study to see how nicely the unities are preserved in the period relations, no less than how well each voice is kept occupied with something really pertinent to the subject in hand.

We congratulate the authors of the "Greeting" upon their success. W. S. B. M.

MUSIC IN NEW YORK unfolds a programme for this winter long as Leporello's Catalogue,—and as almost everything seems to be done in the name of one man, the impresario Harrison, we presume we are to consider him the master spirit of all these conquests. Not only has he captured the Parepa-Rosa couple with all their party, who have already "auspiciously inaugurated" (advertising critics' favorite expression) the season by a concert at Irving Hall in the old miscellaneous Bateman style; but he has taken Oratorio in charge and announces a series to be given at Steinway Hall (which they say has been much improved), as follows: Nov. 21, "Creation;" Dec. 12, "Elijah;" Dec. 25, "Messiah;" Jan. 23, "Samson;" Feb. 20, "Judas Maccabæus;" March 10, "St. Paul;" to which add Mr. Bristow's "Daniel" for the first time.—Then again, this wide-awake manager has secured for his concerts the "lion pianist" of twenty years ago, Leopold de Meyer, of "Marche Marocaine" memory, musician extraordinary to the Sultan, who "very unexpectedly," the papers say, walked into the music market of New York a few days ago. He is to play at Steinway Hall a limited number of nights, beginning Oct. 1, with Parepa, Rosa, and Thomas's orchestra assisting.

Said Thomas and orchestra also revolve round the Harrison sun. His programme of Symphony Soirées as announced, is worth copying:

1st Soirée: Symphony in D (first time), by Bach (Emanuel?); Aria from Gluck's *Armida* (1st time), sung by Mme. Parepa-Rosa; Introduction from 2nd act of Cherubini's *Medea* (first time); Recit. and Aria from Mozart's *Figaro*, Mme. Rosa; two movements from Schubert's unfinished Symphony in B-flat minor (first time); 5th Symphony of Beethoven.

2nd Soirée: Symphony in D, (No. 2 in Breitkopf and Härtel edition), Haydn; Piano Solo, by Leopold de Meyer; Overture in C, op. 124, Beethoven; Piano Solo; Schumann's 3d Symphony, in E flat.

3d Soirée: Beethoven's 8th Symphony; Piano Solo, De Meyer; Symphonic Poem ("Die Ideale"), by Liszt (first time); Piano Solo; Overture to *Genoveva*, Schumann.

4th. Overture to *Coriolanus*, Beethoven; Scena and Aria, op. 58 (first time), by Rubinstein, sung by Mme. Rosa; Ballade ("Des Sängers Fluch, Uhland), by Bülow (first time); Aria by Spohr; Second Symphony, in C, by Schumann.

5th. Beethoven's *Eroica* Symphony; Aria from Weber's *Oberon*, by Mme. Rosa; "Gretchen," *Karakterbild* from the *Faust* Symphony by Liszt; Songs by Mendelssohn and Schumann; Overture to *Benvenuto Cellini* (first time), Berlioz.

We have named, of course, only the more prominent features of the multifarious Harrison-Steinway-Thomas concert schemes. Still outside of their widening vortex lie the classical concerts of the old Philharmonic Society, and the Chamber Concerts of the Mason and Thomas Quartet, whose programme

we have not yet seen. Also Maretzek's Italian and Bateman's French (Offenbach) Operas, both of which began (we dare say, were "inaugurated") this week; and we dare say the "renditions" were fine and much applause, &c., was "donated" to the artists. The Italian opened on Monday, with its best, *Don Giovanni*, with Parepa for Donna Anna; Miss Hauck, Zerlina; Mlle. Ronconi, Elvira; Bellini, the Don; Ronconi, Leporello; and Baragli, Ottavio. Bergmann conducted. On Tuesday, *I Puritani*, with Signora Peralta, Bellini, Antonucci, &c. Wednesday, Rossini's *Otello*, for the new tenor Pancani, with Parepa, Bellini, Baragli, &c. Thursday, opening night, with *Don Giovanni*, in Brooklyn; Friday, *Il Barbiere*; to-day, *Don Giovanni* matinée.

Mr. F. L. Ritter is establishing Chorus-Classes in New York, an excellent plan for qualifying large numbers of persons to take part in Oratorios, Cantatas and other choral works. We congratulate Vassar College (at Poughkeepsie, N. Y.) in obtaining the services of so superior a man as Mr. Ritter as Director of the Musical Department in that large and liberal institution, which puts female education on an equal footing with that sought for by young men in colleges.

Musical "Conservatories" are the rage in New York as elsewhere. There were five of them before, doing "a great business," and now there is announced at least one new one, that of Mason and Thomas. Philadelphia has caught the fever and announces modestly an "American Conservatory."

Herr Abert.

Herr Eckert has now quitted the directorship of the Opera at Stuttgart, and is succeeded by Herr Abert. The latter, highly esteemed for his theoretical and practical talent, has fairly won his spurs by the success of his last lyrical work, "*Astorga*," in three acts, produced in 1865 at Stuttgart, and since, given in various theatres throughout Germany. The history of this composer is singularly interesting and romantic. Born in 1832, at Gastorf, in Bohemia, he was destined by his parents to become a priest, and was early educated in a Bohemian convent. In this convent his passion for music disturbed his theological studies, and ultimately determined the young student to quit the college, and place himself under Kapellmeister Kitz, in the Conservatoire, at Prague. The progress of Abert in composition was rapid, and his first grand Orchestral Symphony, produced and played before the Professors, in 1851, first brought him into notice at Prague. The following year, 1852, Abert was engaged as contra-bassist in the Royal Chapel and Opera at Stuttgart. In this subordinate position he continued his studies of the great masters, and subsequently composed a second and third grand symphony. The Lyrical Muse now diverted his attention, and presently, the persevering youthful symphonist brings forth his first essay, "*Anna de Landskron*." This opera was given in Stuttgart, in 1858. Encouraged by the success of this his first musical drama, Abert produced in 1860 his second opera, "*Le Roi Enrice*," which made the tour of Germany. In 1860 also appeared his grand characteristic symphony, "*Christoph Colomb*," which spread the fame of Abert to Belgium, France and England, in which countries this composition was played with more or less success. Having achieved popularity in orchestral and lyrical compositions, he next succeeded in chamber music, with a Quartet for two violins, viola, and violoncello.

The crowning effort of the Bohemian contra-bassist however was the complete success of his third opera, "*Astorga*," which justifies his appointment as Kapellmeister at Stuttgart. The romantic part of his domestic history is no less gratifying than that of his renouncing the order of priesthood, and struggling for renown as a musician. By his talent, education, and amiable character, the young Bohemian soon became popular in the society of Stuttgart, and ultimately inspired one of the fair sex with a sentiment that awakened a genial sympathy, and led to their happy union. The wife of Abert is the daughter of the rich and popular proprietor of the excellent hotel that bears his name—Marquart. Being himself a dilettante, and fond of music, Marquart is very proud of the distinction earned by his gifted son-in-law, and every musical visitor to Stuttgart, if a friend of the composer, is treated by "mine host" with sumptuous hospitality at the artistic-banquets which are frequently organized during the summer months, and presided over by the present Kapellmeister, Abert.—*Orchestra.*

Special Notices.

DESCRIPTIVE LIST OF THE LATEST MUSIC, Published by Oliver Ditson & Co.

Vocal, with Piano Accompaniment.

- Ballad of Queen Mab.
"Romeo and Juliet," by Gounod. 75
Thou who to dust. (Tu che degnasti.) " " 75
Ah! go not yet. (Ah! non partir.) " " 75
Go: already thou'rt pardoned. (Va: gia perdonata.) Duet. " " 1.25
Since yesterday. (De Jeri indarno), " " 60
Another instalment of well selected portions of the new opera. T. pieces contain many beautiful passages, and have been carefully translated by Mr. T. T. Barker.
Accursed forever. (Sia maledetto).

- "Don Carlos," by Verdi. 75
Verdi is strong in tragedy, and this with the other new songs of "Don Carlos," are rather sad, but the music is impressive.
The midnight harp. Ballad. W. Seibert. 30
Roar on, ye winds. (Brause fort). S'g. Guttman. 35
Two new songs by talented German composers.
Soft evening air. S'g & Chorus. W. L. Hayden. 30
A soft, sweet song, of the kind one naturally falls to singing of an evening.
Amid the silent hours of night. S'g. G. W. Lyon. 30
We have a Lion and a Fair-Lamb on the list this time. But the Lyon discourses most sweetly and delicately, and the Lamb the reverse.
As shadows dim. (Gia dalla mente involasi).
In "Le Tre Nozze." Alary. 60
Perfectly sweet, and a treasure for all who have some little skill in vocalization. It is a sort of vocal Polka; and the Italian used to be sung by Mad. Sontag.

Instrumental.

- Clusters of Brilliants. Transcriptions by Z. Moelling, each, 30
Flee as a bird. Gently sighs the breeze.
Sounds of the sea. Weber's last waltz.
Tannhauser Gr'd M'ch. How can I leave thee.
Wandering Jew W'tz. What are the wild waves.
L'Estasi Waltz. Angel Adie.
Fete de Gondoliers. Ye merry birds.
A dozen capital arrangements of popular airs, not difficult, and well suited to learners.
Harmonies de Soir. Morceau elegant. S. Smith. 75
Our Smith continues to manufacture the best of ware, and here is a structure of silvery sounds, well fitted together.
Route Polka. A. Fanchoux. 30
Our Favorite Polka. G. R. Peiffer. 35
Two spirited polkas.
Pretty Little Sarah. Schottisch. Wellman. 35
Little Sarah skips about charmingly here, and the air is admirably adapted to a lively dance.
Fen volage. (Wildfire) Galop. Fairlamb. 60
Vive L' Union. March caprice. " 50
Both are very spirited, the latter more powerful than the former, but both well worth learning.

Books.

- GARCIA'S NEW TREATISE ON THE ART OF SINGING. A compendious method of instruction, with examples and exercises for the Cultivation of the Voice.
By Manuel Garcia. \$3.00
This revised edition of the work of a celebrated teacher, is among the best of its class, and has an accurate and extended description of the method of producing the various tones and qualities of tone.

MUSIC BY MAIL.—Music is sent by mail, the expense being two cents for every four ounces, or fraction thereof. Persons at a distance will find the conveyance a saving of time and expense in obtaining supplies. Books can also be sent at double these rates.

